

American Junior Red Cross

NEWS

JANUARY • 1961



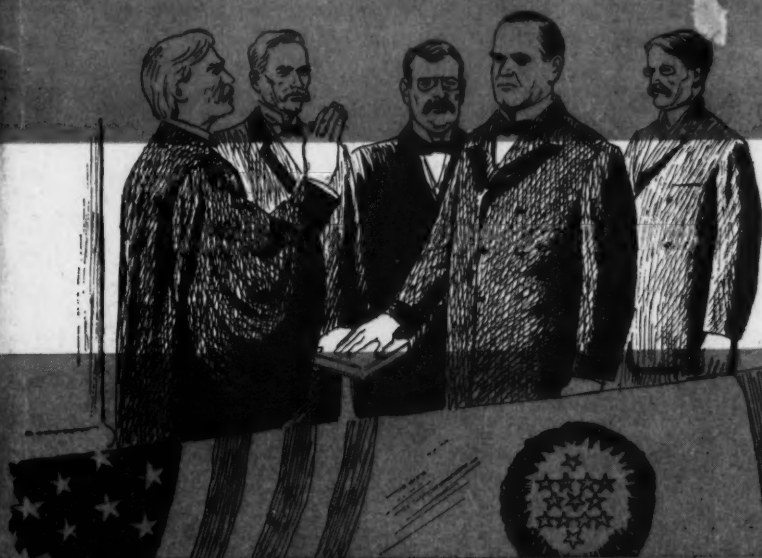
1789

GEORGE
WASHINGTON



1861

ABRAHAM
LINCOLN



1901

WILLIAM
McKINLEY



COVER

*"Past Inaugurals," by Fred Collins

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● Cover

On January 20, the new President of the United States will stand on the East Portico of the Capitol in Washington, D. C., and take his oath of office before the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. It will be the 51st time that the oath has been taken, and the new President will be the 34th man to hold the office.

Our cover brings you scenes from six inaugurals. From their dates you probably know them:

- *1789. The first inaugural. The President, of course, is George Washington; the place, New York City.
- *1861. This year's 100th anniversary inaugural, of Abraham Lincoln.
- *1901. This year's 60th anniversary inaugural and the first in the 20th century; William McKinley.
- *1913. Woodrow Wilson, one of whose acts was the invitation, in 1917, to American students to enroll for community, national, and international service through the Red Cross.
- *1923. Calvin Coolidge is sworn in as President by his father in the Coolidge home at Plymouth, Vt. The time was 2:43 a.m.
- *1957. The last previous inaugural, of Dwight D. Eisenhower for his second term.

Creator of the cover is Fred Collins; the five inaugural scenes are based on prints and photographs from the Bettman Archives, the Library of Congress, and Wide World Photos.

● Needed: News and Pictures!

We are always short of news and pictures for the NEWS. We know that many, many interesting projects are being carried out by Junior Red Cross members in elementary schools all over the country, but we hear about many of them too late to be able to consider reporting them in the NEWS. And we suspect that there are many that we never hear of at all. If you would like us to consider *your* project for reporting in the NEWS, please give the *facts* about it to your chapter Junior Red Cross director or chairman marked "For the NEWS." Snapshots, provided they are in good focus, will be welcomed, too (a good rule of thumb for snapshots: clear, no more than 5 members, everyone busy on the project at hand).

● January Dates

- 1st: Happy New Year!
- 3rd: Alaska admitted to the Union, 1959.
- 11th: Alexander Hamilton, first Secretary of the Treasury, born in 1757.
- 17th: Benjamin Franklin born in 1706.
- 19th: Robert E. Lee born in 1807.
- 20th: Inauguration Day.
- 26th: Michigan admitted to the Union, 1837.
- 29th: Kansas admitted to the Union, 1861.
- 30th: Franklin D. Roosevelt born in 1882.

—Maurice Flagg, Editor



Rock strata exposed in Glacier National Park high over one of the beautiful lakes.

The Mountains Go Down

By Mark Boesch

There is an old saying that what goes up must come down. This is certainly true of any object which remains within the gravitational pull of the earth. Mountains are no exception.

There are a number of processes which bring about mountain leveling. Some of them may be sudden, such as earthquakes and landslides. Others may be slow, but the results in the long run are the same: what goes up must come down.

The movement of snow which has greatly affected mountains has been given the name glaciers. Glaciers are caused when snow at high altitudes and high latitudes accumulates faster than it melts. The snow, as it accumulates, changes into ice, and when this grows thicker than 100 feet it begins to spread under its own weight. It then becomes a glacier.

Glacier National Park, in northwestern Montana, is an area which has been carved

out by the movement of ice, although running water also has had an effect. This is a large park of nearly one million acres, spectacularly beautiful with many lakes and waterfalls, abrupt cliffs and steep crags, forests of pine, and large fields of snow and ice. Approximately 80 glaciers are scattered throughout the area, ranging in size from a few acres to five square miles.

As numerous as the glaciers are in this park today, they are but a tiny remnant of those which once existed in North America. There was a time, known as *the glacial period*, when these ice movements ranged all the way from Hudson Bay in Canada to as far south as New Mexico, Arizona, and Nevada, and to the eastern seaboard.

There was one great ice sheet in particular which seems to have originated in two principal centers on either side of Hudson Bay. Eventually these two gigantic movements of ice merged into one, which moved southward

and eastward, carrying along everything in its path. It enveloped entire mountains, and even a solid mountain could not resist the relentless push of ice. This great ice sheet covered all of what is now the United States from Montana eastward to envelope all of New England, and southward to just across the Ohio River, covering an area now including Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and a portion of Kentucky.

The ice did not completely shove the mountains along and eventually into the sea. Rather, it sheared off their tops. This resulted in more rounded mountains, making those in eastern America much smoother and gentler of slope than those in the West. Today the effects of this great glacial movement are still clearly visible. Many great boulders stand isolated in valley bottoms where they were deposited by the glacial movement. There are rock surfaces made smooth by the polishing action of the ice. Many rounded valleys were

The Grand Canyon was cut by the Colorado River through the ages and is a spectacular example of erosion.
National Park Service photo



carved by the ice. Lakes were also formed when the ice deposited land at the end of depressions, damming low areas which eventually became filled with water.

Erosion, the term we give to the processes of mountain leveling, also includes the effect of both air and water on land. The most spectacular example of how erosion changes the appearance of land is the magnificent Grand Canyon in Arizona.

Geologists tell us that the Grand Canyon was cut by the action of the Colorado River as it flowed toward the sea and downhill because of gravitation. The walls of Arizona's Grand Canyon are a series of rock layers through which the Colorado River has flowed through the ages. These rock layers, which extend up from the river bottom about 4,500 feet on the south and 5,700 feet on the north side of the canyon, are the remnants of ancient mountains, sea bottoms, river beds, and deserts. The rocky layers are millions of years old.

There are numerous other examples of water erosion in the West, such as the canyons of the Snake, Salmon, and Yellowstone Rivers. But it is not just swiftly flowing surface water that cuts into mountains and helps to bring them down. Much of the action of water erosion is hidden from us because it goes on underground. A vast reservoir of water has seeped into the earth, and this water, too, flows downward. Spectacular examples of the erosive effects of underground water may be observed in great caves formed in what was once solid rock. Examples of these are the Wyandotte Cave of southern Indiana and the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. Caves of this sort occur most often in limestone regions, for limestone is the most soluble of the common rocks. When the roofs of these caves fall in, as they sometimes do, they are called *limestone sinks*. Examples of these may be seen in portions of Kentucky and Tennessee.

National Park Service photo



Crystal Lake in Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, an underground erosion of huge proportions.

A kind of chemical change that water seepage brings about may be noticed in a tea kettle that becomes coated with rust-like flakes after long use. Underground water carries a solution of such material constantly. It is the remnant of rocks through which the water flows.

Air, or what we more commonly call wind, erosion also has a deteriorating effect on mountains. You may best realize this if you have ever stood on a sandy beach when a strong wind was blowing. Your face was probably pelted by the hard-driving sand which the wind carried with it.

Air is always filled with such particles, either the size of sand grains or, more commonly, what we call dust. Wind is especially frequent in high, mountainous areas where it often attains great velocity, as we learn when



Rock sentinels left standing in Monument Valley, Colorado, after wind sandblasted away part of mountain.

we read the accounts of mountain-climbers. Such strong winds pick up grains of sand, and sometimes even tiny pebbles, often carrying them great distances before they are deposited somewhere on land or perhaps in the sea.

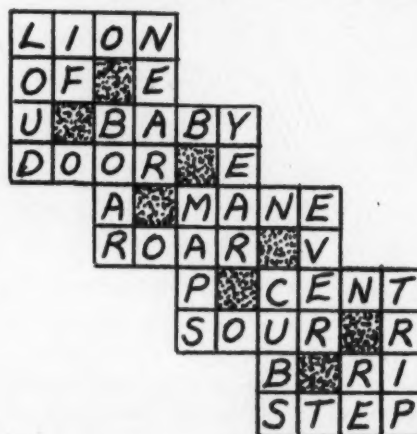
Such winds, laden as they are with these materials, actually sand-blast the rocky face of mountains. The softer parts of mountains are worn away more rapidly than the harder, of course, but—because of gravitation again—large rocks are often caused to topple, and these sometimes cause landslides when they fall towards the valleys below. Wind erosion, though it is generally slower in effect than that of running water, may result in its own spectacular effects. An excellent example is found in Monument Valley, Colorado, where weird, lofty columns of rock remain standing as sentinels marking what was once a big mountain of solid rock.

There are still other examples of erosion that could be mentioned, such as the chemical action of air combined with water, which causes flaking of rock surfaces and eventually results in the splitting of rocks. Trees may

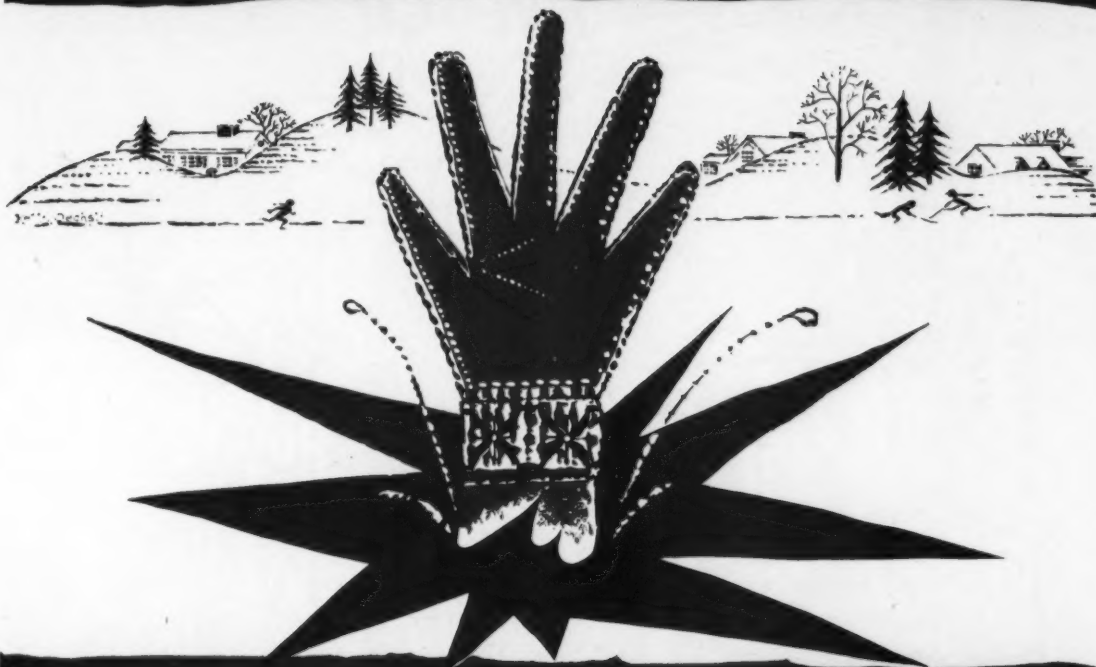
grow up through these cracks and cause the splits to grow even wider.

The forces of erosion are relentless. Even the greatest of mountains tends to become leveled, but because such action is relatively slow, man in his span of years on earth does not often notice the action. Still, the evidence is there for all to see, and those who are most observant do see. ♦

ANSWERS TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 17



DON'T



DON'T

DON'T

DON'T

DON'T

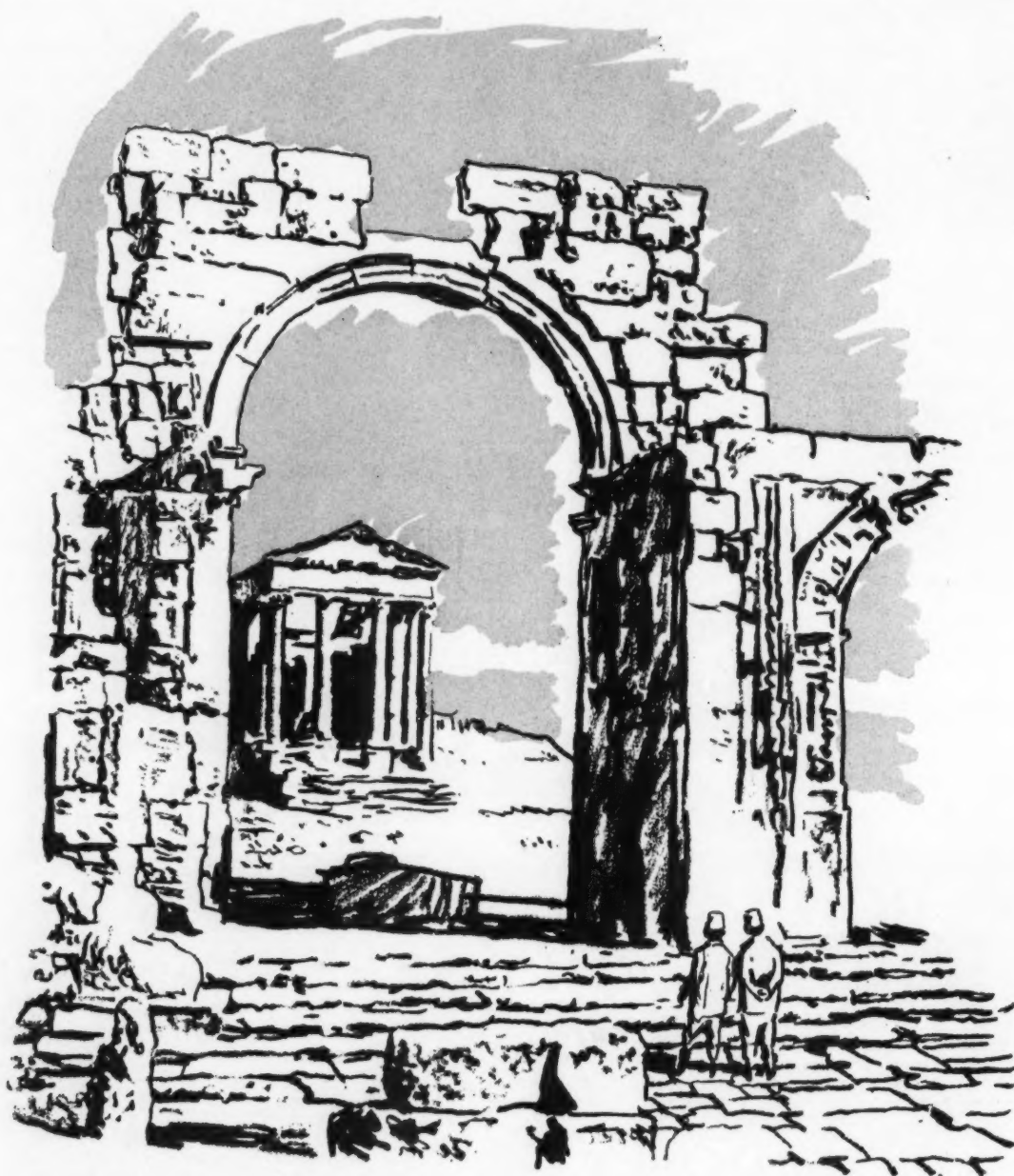


AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS - WESTCHESTER COUNTY N.Y. CHAPTER



This dramatic poster, designed and published by the Junior Red Cross of Westchester County, New York, needs no comment because it is an excellent

poster. It catches the eye and mind, says what it has to say briefly and forcefully. A good example for poster-makers. And good advice for skaters.



THE TWINS OF SABRATHA

By Henrietta G. Siksek

When Ahmed and Hamudeh were born everyone in the Libyan town of Sabratha seemed to welcome the news of their birth. Only Ali, the father, was different. He listened to congratulators and shook his head.

Twins meant two mouths to feed, two

bodies to clothe. Two shirts, two red caps, and two pairs of shoes to buy. No wonder Ali looked disturbed.

Some of the squatters resting in the open yard of Ali's house seemed to understand his worries. They had children, too.

From inside the house the cry of a baby was soon followed by another, and a duet of wails floated through the air.

"See," said Ali. "Even trouble is double with twins." And the squatters roared with laughter.

* * *

The dark-eyed twins grew to be active boys. It was a joy to see them, yet it was hard to know one of them from the other.

Mother got mixed up, father, sisters, and brothers, too. The teacher of grade four was once badly mixed up. One day he punished Ahmed, making him stay after school and for-

bidding him to join in the games. Later, at the playground, the teacher thought he saw Ahmed playing in the field. "I told that boy to stay in class," said the teacher. But when he returned to the classroom there sat Ahmed. Or was it Hamudeh? The puzzled teacher could not tell.

The twins were having this kind of fun when their history teacher took the class on a visit to the ruins of the ancient city of Sabratha. Inside the main gate the boys were very much impressed. A huge city lay in

The boys worked carefully,
not noticing anything else.



Illustrated by James Ponter

front of them, all in ruins, spreading to the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. Steps led to what had been Byzantine temples. Streets, houses, baths, graneries were all there in ruins.

An amphitheater stood in good condition, with a stage, which was guarded by a facade. The boys ran up and down the hundreds of stone steps that were once used as seats. They stood on the stage and acted. They recited poetry and sang the melodious national anthem of Libya. When at last there was little energy left in them, the boys sat down and heard what the teacher had to say.

The teacher told them how Sabratha was built long ago as a center of trade.

"Who knows," said the teacher, "maybe down there among the ruins one can still find treasures buried by pirates in ancient times."

Visions of what happened much earlier in Libya came to everyone's mind. Hadn't a tractor run over a buried pot that was full of gold? Wasn't the story told of how the gold from the broken pot flew into the air like winnowed wheat?

Chests of gold and treasures of unequalled quality danced in front of the twins' eyes. Oh, if *they* could only find a treasure!

As the visit to the ruins came to an end, Ahmed and Hamudeh talked to the gatekeeper. They asked him if they could be permitted to visit the ruins on Fridays, the Libyan school children's holiday.

"No, you can't," answered the gatekeeper. "Unaccompanied children are not welcome." The twins did not give up.

"Sir," said Ahmed, "aren't we relatives? Isn't my cousin Abed related to Saleh, your son-in-law? Surely if we come as relatives we can visit you?"

It worked. In a small town like Sabratha everyone is somehow related to everyone else.

"If you visit me as relatives, you can come," said the gatekeeper. "Only do not come in twos. One Friday, one of you comes, the next Friday, the other. Two boys together are apt

to cause trouble. I hate to see boys racing between columns and falling into ditches."

Hamudeh started to argue. Ahmed pulled him by the sleeve. "Hush!" he said, "I have an idea."

Ahmed's idea was simple, and it worked very well. As the boys arrived at the ruins on the next Friday, they split. Ahmed walked in first. He was followed by Hamudeh a short while later.

Once inside, the boys had the fun of their lives. They watched workers put fallen pillars into position. The workers chatted as they shifted the pillars. "One of these days I'll find a treasure and quit working," said one of the men. "That tractor driver didn't find it all!"

"If you're after a treasure, go and dig over there by the cliff near the sea," said another worker. "Pirates are said to have hidden their treasures in such places."

Ahmed and Hamudeh exchanged glances and walked toward the cliff. There they sat and dug for treasure. They dug for the whole day. No treasure showed up. Next Friday they would come again. If the grown-ups spoke of treasure, there must be some.

Near the gate the twins again split. Ahmed went first. "*Maa Salama*," he told the gatekeeper, wishing him good-bye.

A short while later Hamudeh followed. "*Maa Salama*," he repeated. The gatekeeper smelt mischief, but he was not sure and said nothing. After all, the boys were not doing any harm.

Several Fridays passed, with no treasure. Just as the twins were ready to give up their search for good, one of them caught sight of a glint of blue. As he scraped to uncover the pebble the colored area grew, and more colors appeared. It was part of an ancient mosaic floor, beautiful in design and constructed with such care it appeared still perfect.

The boys worked carefully, not noticing the many people who passed by, both tourists and

workers. To these people the find seemed important. The boys thought it only pretty.

When darkness came the twins had to go home. "Never mind," said Ahmed to Hamudeh. "Next time we may find a treasure."

But the discovery of the mosaic floor was rumored excitedly around town. From the workers to the gatekeeper, to the excavation officer, to the governor, to the principal of the school the news sped.

The next morning the principal walked into Ahmed and Hamudeh's classroom.

"Will the twins please step forward?"

Ahmed's and Hamudeh's hearts sank within them. Had they done anything wrong?

"Boys," said the principal, "I hear you've been going to the ruins?"

Ahmed and Hamudeh breathed hard. The principal continued, "Boys, I am proud of you. I have just seen the block of mosaic floor

that you unearthed. I think everyone in Sabratha should be proud of those who help unearth something of its hidden past. You deserve a good reward, and you shall have it. Tell your father that I wish to see him."

As the twins walked back to their seats, Ahmed whispered, "Wait until we really find a treasure."

* * *

Late that evening, a few men squatted in the yard in front of Ali's house. Tea boiled on a small fire. Ali told them all about the scholarship that had been granted to his twins. Such a scholarship was the gift of a lifetime.

"See," said one of the men, "trouble need not be double where twins are concerned."

Everyone burst into laughter, while four twinkling eyes peeped out of darkness. It was good to be twins living in the town of Sabratha—to find a fortune! ♦

FIRST AID FACTS — NO. 3



Of the 1,400 people who die each year from accidentally taking poison, the greater number are infants and children under 5.

Boys and girls should learn how to recognize poisons, whether they are in liquid or solid form, and to avoid them.

Household materials, such as cleaning fluids, insecticides, and medicines should be out of the reach of small children, or stored in locked cabinets.



PASADENA, CALIF.—A gift box project at Loma Alta School tied in with a patriotic theme: "We All Serve Our Country—A Good American I Will Be."

GROSSE POINTE FARMS, MICH.—Richard School's Betsy Bushong and Dave Quinlan show covers for Braille NEWS. Ann Detwiler holds a regular copy.
Detroit News photo



Showing Off Well

Showing yourself, your projects, and Junior Red Cross off to advantage is an art. It takes many ideas and loving care in translating the ideas for other people's interest and information.

On these pages you see several of the ways in which Junior Red Cross members show off well.

Just three things are needed to show off well:

1. An interesting subject (which you have in the thing or things that you do for others in Junior Red Cross).
2. Good thinking and work to make your presentation as attractive and informative as possible.
3. The right place and time so that people can and will notice it.



JEFFERSON COUNTY, ALA.—Styrofoam "Apple for Teacher" in a net tree honors teacher-sponsors.



JOHNSON CITY, TENN.—Columbus Powell School students are active in the album exchange program.

DENVER, COLO.—Regina Fox, Doull School sponsor, helps cast get ready for her original play, "Who Cares?"





ed Seals

THE GREAT SEAL OF THE UNITED STATES

By Dorothy Coble Dreese

Its design expresses many ideals important to this nation and its people.

Without looking, could you tell what appears on the one dollar bill? Not every adult could answer that question although he handles money daily.

On the front of the bill is the first President, George Washington, and on the back are both sides of the Great Seal of the United States. The seal appeared for the first time on the one dollar bill issued in 1935. In 1957 the words "In God We Trust" were added

above the word ONE after they became a national motto.

The Great Seal aroused much discussion before it was adopted by the Continental Congress on June 20, 1782. When the Declaration of Independence was signed on July 4, 1776, the courageous men who were to fight for their freedom realized the need of a symbol in the form of a seal to represent the newly formed government. A committee of three men, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, and John Adams, was appointed,



THE FIRST SEAL (1782)



THE SECOND SEAL (1841)

and their recommendations were presented to Congress that same year. But because of the war, the plans were laid aside for three and a half years. A second and then a third committee in turn reviewed the design and suggestions of the former committee. The third group of men, with the assistance of artist William Barton, a Philadelphia authority on heraldry, presented the design and recommendations to Charles Thomson, then Secretary of the Continental Congress. Secretary Thomson selected parts from all three designs and reports and from them made his own design. William Barton revised these final arrangements, which were then adopted by the Congress. The description read as follows:

ARMS. Paleways of thirteen pieces, argent and gules; a chief, azure; the escutcheon on the breast of the American eagle displayed proper, holding in his dexter talon an olive branch, and in his sinister a bundle of thirteen arrows, all proper, and in his beak a scroll, inscribed with the motto "E PLURIBUS UNUM."

FOR THE CREST. Over the head of the eagle, which appears above the escutcheon, a glory, or, breaking through the clouds,

proper, and surrounding thirteen stars, forming a constellation, argent, on an azure field.

REVERSE. A pyramid unfinished. In the zenith, an eye in a triangle, surrounded with a glory proper. Over the eye these words, "ANNUIT COEPTIS." On the base of the pyramid the numerical letters MDCCLXXVI. And underneath the following motto, "NOVUS ORDO SECLORUM."

The meaning of the heraldic terms in the resolution is interesting. Observe how the number thirteen is repeated in both the reverse and obverse of the Seal. Thirteen was the number of colonies to become states when the nation was born.

The bald eagle on the obverse of The Great Seal was chosen as the emblem of the United States because it represents the determination of a fearless people. The eagle depicts strength, sharpness of vision, and power of flight. The scroll in the beak bears thirteen letters—"E Pluribus Unum"—that mean "Out of many, one." From many countries and many languages our founding fathers formed a new nation. With faith in God and

the individual, they put the government into the hands of the people.

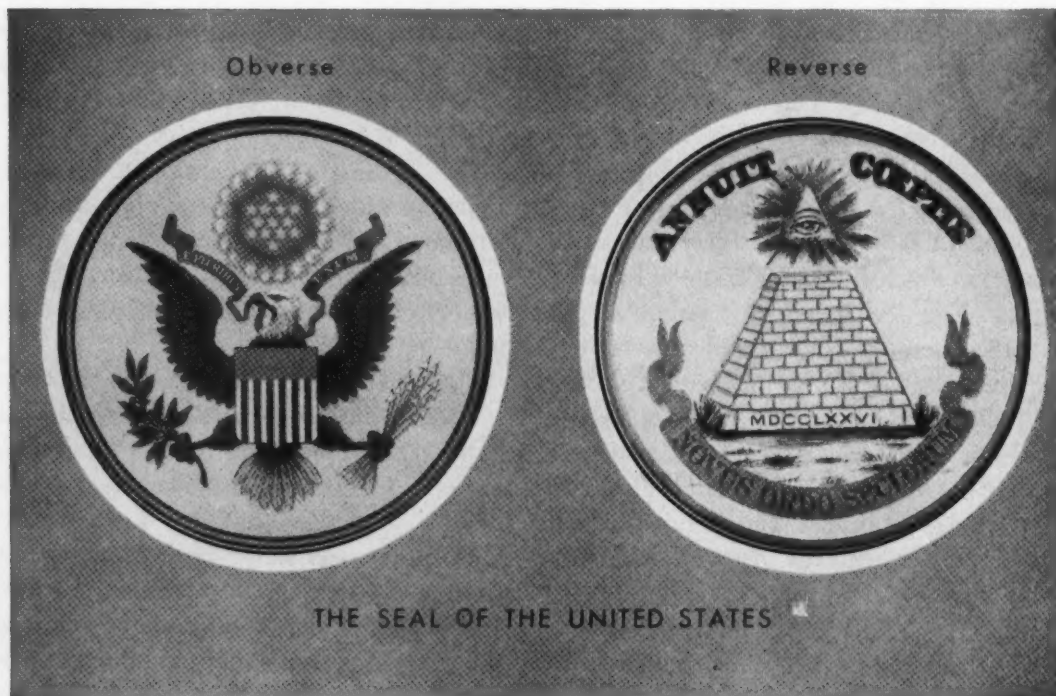
Perhaps you have seen the design of the Seal on army uniforms or other insignia. It is placed in large size above the entrance of all embassies, legations, and consulates all over the world. In the early days manufacturers used the design on china, draperies, bedspreads, wallpaper and furniture, but today we feel that we can give it more honor by using it only as a Seal.

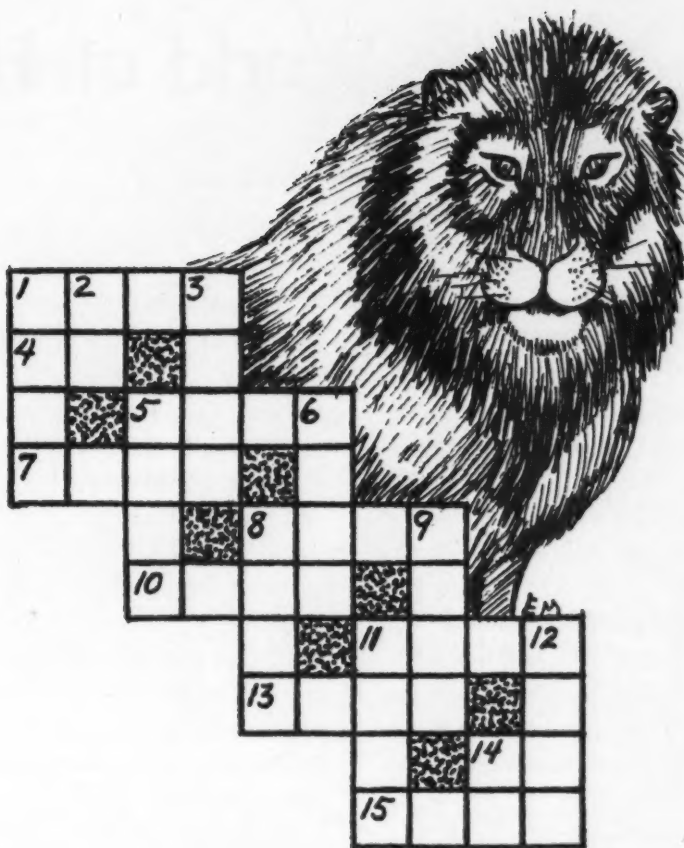
The reverse design was never used as a Seal. Its only use has been on the one dollar bill. The unfinished pyramid of 13 layers with the all-seeing eye signifies that our country is ever growing. The letters above, "ANNUIT COEPTIS," mean "God has favored us in our undertakings." The letters below, "NOVUS ORDO SECLORUM," are interpreted "A new order of the ages."

There is only one Seal! It is so precious and

important as a heritage of our people and government that it is locked in a mahogany cabinet within a glass-enclosed room in the State Department in the Nation's Capital. It is in the custody of the Secretary of State, who designates a qualified person to impress it on certain documents. These papers have been signed by the President and countersigned by the Secretary of State. They are commissions of cabinet officers, executive officers, and foreign service officers. The first impression on record was given to Gen. George Washington on September 16, 1782, to arrange an exchange of British prisoners.

When you visit Washington, D.C., you will wish to see the Great Seal in the Department of State. You will be able to see the first commission given to George Washington and other impressive documents. And you may be fortunate in seeing the keeper of The Great Seal impress some important document with the Seal.





LION PUZZLE

By Ellen Earnhardt Morrison

(Answers on page 6)

ACROSS

1. Jungle animal shown in picture
4. From
5. New-born person
7. Opening to walk through
8. Long hair on a lion's neck
10. Sound a lion makes
11. One penny
13. Not sweet; like vinegar or lemon
14. Rhode Island (abbreviation)
15. One pace

DOWN

1. Noisy
2. Maybe, perhaps
3. Close by
5. Wild animal kin to a pig
6. Twelve months
8. Charts showing countries, cities, oceans, mountains, and such
9. Always
11. Young lions
12. To stumble over something
14. Musical note

The World of Hogback

By Jeanne Hines

Everybody has a special way of wanting to explore the world—by travel, or books, or a telescope . . .

That Saturday eight-year-old Rufe Kaller dug his bare toes in the dirt outside the rough mountain cabin and anxiously watched Doc Yalloughby's broad back as the doctor straightened up from his examination of Li'l Jake Brew.

Widowed Mattie Kate Brew's faded blue eyes were as worried as Rufe's, and her work-worn fingers twisted the apron she'd made from feed sacks. "You know what ails my youngun', Doc? Don't seem natural, him just a settin' like this."

"Can't say as I do know, Mattie Kate." Doc Yalloughby frowned. He knew Li'l Jake was all she had, and him born crippled. Now he was so listless she was afraid he might die.

"Speak up, son," Doc said gently. "Anything you want you don't have?"

Li'l Jake sighed. "I'd like a telescope," he said wistfully, "so's I could see over to Hogback Mountain and watch the birds and things over there . . ." His voice faded off into nothing, for he knew a telescope was as far beyond his reach as the tempting paths of Hogback were beyond his strength.

"A telescope!" Doc whistled.

Mattie Kate threw up her hands.

Only Rufe stared steadily at Li'l Jake. He understood. Rufe could run through the woods, climb trees, catch butterflies, bounce echoes off the high cliffs, drink from cold rushing mountain brooks, climb to the heights, and stare out along the Blue Ridge.

But chairbound Li'l Jake could do none of those things. He could only sit on the porch

of the cabin, his yearning eyes on the leafy expanse of Hogback Mountain, tantalizingly close, but not quite close enough to distinguish things. Yes, Rufe realized bitterly, a telescope would make all the difference to Li'l Jake; it would bring the animals and trees right up to him.

Doc Yalloughby scratched his head. "Telescopes cost a mint of money, son—twenty, maybe thirty dollars." Doc was a kind man, but he had six kids of his own and mountain folk often paid in pine kindlin' or jugs of apple squeezin's or buckets of blackberries held out in thorn-scratched hands. Sometimes they didn't pay at all.

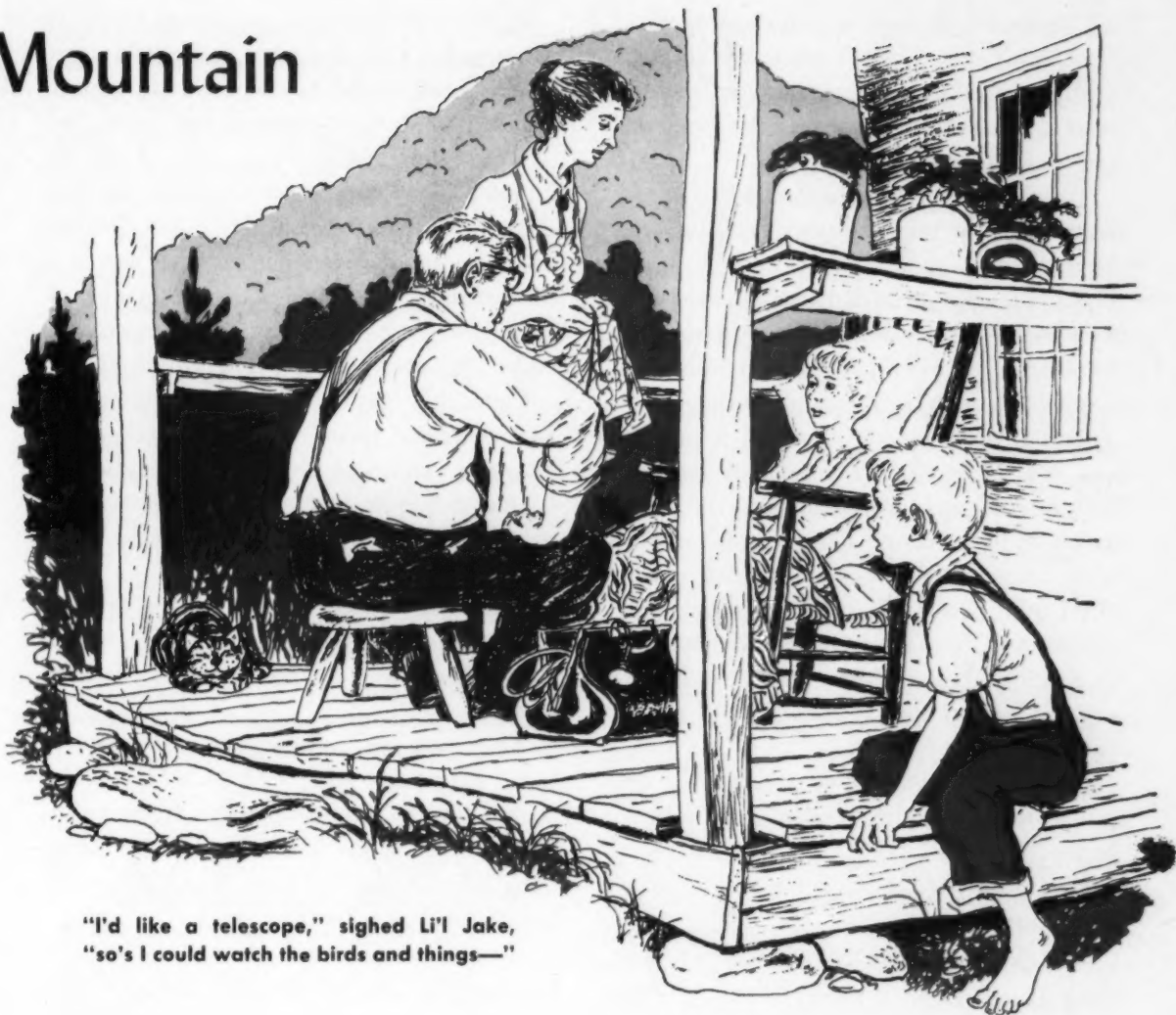
Rufe's eyes smarted. Fast as a deer, he ran away through the thicket and flung himself down on a big gray outcrop of rock and stared over at Hogback Mountain, rising up like a solid wall to block off the view. Under that leafy foliage, he knew, Hogback was alive with life—deer, squirrels, 'coons, rabbits, chipmunks and quail. He couldn't see them but he knew they were there, because his feet had taken him to Hogback many times and he had seen for himself. Once he'd even seen a mother bear with her cub.

Twenty dollars! Nobody around here had that much money. Nor was likely to get it either. Rufe clenched his fist. He was too big a boy to cry!

He headed for home. Propped up against the cabin wall, whittling as usual, Uncle Cade looked up as Rufe arrived, his eyes under his white eyebrows still sharp and brown for all his 80 years.

"Uncle Cade," Rufe blurted, "you know where I can get a telescope?"

k Mountain



"I'd like a telescope," sighed Li'l Jake, "so's I could watch the birds and things—"

Uncle Cade peered at Rufe as if a mad varmint from the woods had nipped him. "Nope," he said mildly, "can't say as I do."

"What you whittlin'?" Rufe asked.

For answer the old man held out the tiny figure that was rapidly emerging from the small piece of wood.

"It's Mattie Kate!" Rufe exclaimed, delighted.

His uncle nodded. "Just when she's hangin' out the wash." He chuckled. "You know that funny way she stands."

Rufe giggled too; it was Mattie Kate to the life. He ran inside and got the wooden frigate he'd been whittling for months and sat down beside the old man.

"Uncle Cade, tell me about the sea again," Rufe said, as the chips flew from his knife.

Uncle Cade's eyes shone. "Fifty years I sailed the seas! Ever since I ran away from here as a boy." He told about London, Singapore, the magic Islands. "I'd be there yet if the arthritis hadn't got me—don't whittle *that* way, boy—*this* way, like I told you."

Rufe looked up and smiled. Lucky for him Uncle Cade had come back to the Blue Ridge with his tiny pension that was just eatin' money, and enough memories to keep a small boy forever enthralled. Rufe's parents had died of pneumonia three winters ago.

"I've finished!" Rufe held up the frigate.

"Get the book," Uncle Cade said.

Rufe found the book of ships and brought it to Uncle Cade. Uncle Cade leafed through it lovingly until he came to the picture of the frigate. Carefully he compared the two, nodding his head and smiling.

"It's a good 'un," he approved. "A real good 'un. Now take the book back inside—careful with it, mind."

Glowing with pride, Rufe carried the precious book back inside. He knew it was the old man's most prized possession. It was more than a book of ships; it was his boyhood.

Seemed like everybody wanted something most of all. He, Rufe, wanted book learning. Daily he trudged five miles to catch the school bus to the little country school, a place full of strange wonders and slicked-up children who stared at Rufe as if he were a raccoon suddenly flushed out of a thicket. He couldn't say much to those children yet, but in his shy way he was beginning to make friends. Someday, someday . . .

Yes, everybody wanted something. He wanted book learning. Uncle Cade wanted the sea. And Li'l Jake—Li'l Jake wanted a telescope that would bring the great side of Hogback near and close.

Li'l Jake . . . Suddenly he didn't feel like whittling any more. He started off through the woods down the mountain.

Halfway down he saw smoke and frowned. Minutes later he saw that the smoke came from a small campfire, and beside the campfire was a big man—dressed real natty, like the city dudes that came around in the summer sometimes. And a woman in tight slacks he'd heard his teacher call "saddle pants." And a boy about his own age in a cowboy suit. The boy had a round black pipe on a tripod and—Rufe gasped—it was a telescope! *He was looking through a telescope!*

Concealed in the trees like a wild thing, Rufe watched them. The boy tired of the telescope and began playing with the fanciest fishing rod Rufe had ever seen. Sometimes the whole family wandered away and left the beautiful telescope deserted.

How easy to sneak in and steal it! But he couldn't face Uncle Cade if he did, and honest Mattie Kate would throw a thief's gift back at him.

Then how—? Suddenly an idea came to him. He turned and ran back to the cabin, grabbed his whittled ship and a little wooden figure Uncle Cade had carved, and dashed back into the woods so fast Uncle Cade didn't even have time to holler "Whoa!"

He was clean winded when he got back to the campfire and he saw that the boy's parents were some distance away unpacking

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM HUTCHINSON



things from a handsome luggage trailer, while the boy stood alone kicking at the tripod of the telescope.

Rufe couldn't afford to be shy now. He came out of the woods and said "Hi!" to the boy.

The boy looked startled. "Where'd you come from?"

Rufe nodded back up the mountain. "I live there."

The boy looked interested. "You do? What's your name?"

"Rufe."

The boy stuck out his hand. "I'm Herbert Williston," he said gravely. "Dad couldn't get away from his business this summer, so we came in the fall. We might stay a week Dad says, if the weather holds."

Rufe stuck out his hand with the ship in it.

"Let's see!" Herbert said, and instinctively Rufe snatched the carved ship away. "Watch out!" he cried. "Don't hurt it!"

"I won't hurt it." Composedly, Herbert reached for the ship model. "Gee!" he marveled. "It's perfect! Did you make this?"

Rufe nodded. "Took me six months."

Herbert handed it back reluctantly. "I'd sure love to have it."

"It's nice," Rufe admitted. He held it tantalizingly close to Herbert. He swallowed. "But I might trade it for your telescope."

He felt cold all over when he said it. Herbert would surely laugh at the idea of trading that big expensive telescope for a woodcarving by an eight-year-old.

Herbert whistled. "Would you?" Quickly, before Rufe could change his mind, he snatched the ship model and pushed the tripod and telescope at Rufe. "No fair changing your mind later," he said breathlessly.

Speechless, Rufe gathered the precious telescope to him. It was large and round and black and trimmed in chrome. A beautiful, wonderful telescope. He started away when a big voice stopped him.

"Sonny, where are you going with that telescope?"

Rufe whirled. Up close the big man looked even bigger, and his gray eyes were very keen.

Herbert pushed forward eagerly. "He traded me this for it, Dad! He carved it himself. It took months!"

The big man examined the wood carving carefully. "Pretty good for an eight-year-old," he said. "Still—"

Desperately Rufe pulled the little wooden figure from his pocket and held it out. "You can have my knife, too," he said shakily. "I just *got* to have the telescope!"

The man stared. "You didn't carve *that*!"

"Uncle Cade did."

"He has others?"

"Lots."

The big man looked thoughtfully at the figure in his hand. "Keep the telescope. And tell your Uncle I can sell all the figures he can carve—at good prices, too." He handed Rufe a card with "Williston's Art Objects" printed on it.

Rufe said, amazed, "You mean they're worth somethin'?"

"This is art, boy." The big man ruffled up Rufe's straw-colored hair. "Pure primitive art. And humorous too. I'll be up to see your Uncle before I leave."

Herbert pushed in front of him. "I'll come too and show you how to use the telescope," he said importantly. "We can look at the moon, and I'll show you how to find The Big Dipper and the Great Bear and all of them!"

Rufe's eyes smarted. He nodded and darted away through the pines, the precious telescope clutched in his arms.

It was all like a dream, a wonderful dream. Uncle Cade could sell his woodcarvings, and there'd be money for book learning. And Li'l Jake would have his telescope and the world of Hogback Mountain spread out before him. Rufe ran faster. And faster. ♦

Your Letters From

All around the world new links of friendship are formed every time a gift box is packed to begin its journey to understanding among young people. And new links are forged every time a boy or girl in another country writes of his pleasure at this gesture of goodwill.



To: Whittier School
Lincoln, Nebraska
Dear Friends,

Many thanks for the lovely boxes of gifts we received.

We are blind children, and we attend the Kowloon Blind Club School Welfare Center. It is because of your constant thoughtfulness and kind wishes that we are enlightened by the thought that not only do the people around us think of us but also people all over the world think of us.

—Children of the Kowloon Blind Club
Kowloon, Hong Kong

To: St. Mary's School
Little Rock, Arkansas
Dear Boys and Girls,

Many thanks to you for the beautiful packet. The armlet I think very beautiful. I wore it already a little time. The comb I can use very well, for I have long hair. The corsage I sewed on a frock of mine. The hairpin I can use for that long hair of mine. The pencils I'll use at school and with these I'll also make notes in the little pocket book I got from you How do you use that, the little bits of iron and that little ball? We don't know, you see. Is that a game?

O yes, you don't know my name yet. I'm called Tiekje de Boer (in English that is Tiekje the Farmer) and I am in the 6th form of our school. Our school is called the J. H. Nieuwoudschool. I'm 10 years old. We have 3 teachers and 2 woman-teachers.

—Tiekje de Boer

Warga, The Netherlands

P.S. I think there are some mistakes in my letter. If you don't understand some sentences, please ask your teacher. I have written this letter by myself, and my brother Titus has translated it.



Overseas Friends



To: Mt. Vernon Public School
Mitchell, South Dakota

Dear Friends,

Your presents took us by a big surprise! We are extremely grateful to you all!

My lovely box contains the most surprising articles I have ever seen in my life. I had fine needles, two bars of soap, a pair of brooches, a small notebook, a small red ball, four pencils, a blue comb, five red buttons, a reel of red thread, and last but not the least, a nylon toothbrush. Again I say thank you for them all.

I shall finish my exams sometime next week. I am leaving at the end of the year. *(This letter was written at the end of November; the writer was in her last year of school. ed.)*

Greetings from my classmates to you all.

—Felix Dada

Girls' Secondary School
Abari, Ghana

To: Washington Junior High School
Duluth, Minnesota

Dear American Pupils,

Many thanks for your Junior Red Cross boxes full of friendship. I am one of those Japanese pupils of Nagoyakosei Elementary School who has got your boxes. I am in sixth grade in that school now, but am going to enter Nagoya Konan Junior High School this April. In spite of that terrible Isewan Typhoon, my family—my father who is working at Meiko Electric Power Station, mother, and four brothers—was luckily safe as well as most families of my friends, and we are cooperating together for the revival of our Nagoya day after day. Our city—the great seaside industrial zone and the lovely downtown, too—was much destroyed by Isewan Typhoon. There were seen many people standing quite at a loss before their delapidated houses. But Nagoya is now making miraculous revival watched by warm eyes of your country, America, and other countries in the world . . .

Masachiro Shiratori
Nagoya, Japan





Bill and May and Betsy watched them go. Now they could get busy on their big plan!

ONE HOT DRY RAINY DAY

By Gladys R. Saxon

The children in this story want their parents to like their new home as well as the old one.

It was another hot dry day on the desert. The White family had lived in their new old house for almost seven weeks. It was a new old house because it was new to them but really old, having been built by Mr. White's parents long, long ago.

Bill, May, and Betsy White loved their new old house. They loved the hot dry desert, too, with all the strange plants and animals. Bill had his own horse. May had already started a cactus garden. Betsy had already begun a stone collection. And they had all met cowboys and even an Indian.

But Mr. and Mrs. White did not like the desert. They missed the green trees and grass and rain of their other home back east. Mrs. White missed having a garden. Mr. White missed the barn and animals he had had.

On this hot dry day, Mr. White said, "Anybody want to drive into town with me today?"

"I DO!" said Mrs. White. "I long to see something green and flowery again after all this flat brown land."

"What about you, Bill?" asked Mr. White. "No, thanks, Dad."

May and Betsy said "No, thanks" also.

Their mother and father looked surprised, but they did not urge them to go. They got into the car and rumbled off toward town.

Bill and May and Betsy watched them go. Now they could get busy on their big plan!

Bill got out the things he needed and made a sign that said "Trees must not be cut down." He put it on a scraggly little cactus plant.

May got out the things she needed and made a sign that said "Keep off the grass." She put it on a rock in the desert sand.

Betsy got out the things she needed and made a sign that said "Stop—bridge out." She put it on a tin can on the bumpy road.

Then Bill made another sign. It said "Brownie, the Cow." He put it on a fence post.

May made another sign. It said "Dolly, the Pig." She put it on another fence post.

Betsy made another sign. It said "Quack, the Duck." She put it on the next fence post.

Then Bill got an old box. He wrote "Boat" on it. He put it near the "Stop—bridge out" sign.

May got a big paper bag. She wrote "Rose garden" on it. She put it near the "Keep off the grass" sign.

Betsy got a dishpan. She put water in it. She put a sign in front of it. The sign said "White Lake." She put the whole thing near the "Trees must not be cut down" sign.

Then the three little Whites sat down to rest on the shady front porch. "Whew!" said Bill. "Glad that's done!"

"Do you think they will know why we did it?" asked May.

"I wonder if they will like it," worried Betsy. "Or will it make them even more homesick."

They sat and thought and worried a little. Maybe children shouldn't try to change their parents' likes and dislikes about things. Maybe . . .

"Can't worry forever," said Bill at last. He went into the house and brought out his

mother's rubbers and two umbrellas they had brought from back East, just in case.

Quite a long time went by. Bill watched a hawk circling over the dry wash. May listened to a cactus wren and thought how careful it had to be not to get caught on a spine of scraggly, prickly plant. Betsy tried to guess how fast a jack rabbit could run, and knew it was faster than Bill's horse on the sand.

"I like the desert," said Betsy.

"So do I," said Bill.

"But I can see why Father and Mother do not like it," said May. "It is dry and hot and flat."

Then they saw their car coming back.

Bill and May took the umbrellas. Betsy took her mother's rubbers. They ran to meet the car at the gate.

"Get under the umbrellas, quick," said May and Bill. "Big rainstorm coming!"

Betsy helped her mother put on the rubbers. Well! Mr. and Mrs. White did not know what to think. But they followed the children to the "Boat" near the "Stop—bridge out" sign. Mrs. White smiled.

They followed the children to the "White Lake" sign near the "Trees must not be cut down" sign. Mr. White smiled then, and Mrs. White smiled more than ever.

They began to laugh when they saw the "Rose garden" sign near the "Keep off the grass" sign. They laughed and laughed—so hard they had to lean against the fence.

"Careful," said Betsy. "You will frighten the animals in the big red barn."

"You remember how Brownie wanted quiet," said Bill.

"And how Dolly and Quack ran away when they were frightened," said May.

Mr. and Mrs. White tried to ask questions. But Betsy interrupted. "Here comes the rain!"

Bill splashed water all over both umbrellas. May yelled, "Run for the boat! It's a flood!"

Mr. and Mrs. White kept asking questions as they hurried over to the front porch. And at last, the three little Whites explained.

"We like the desert and we like the house and we like the people and . . ." Bill began.

"We want you to like it just as much," said May. "We don't want you to be homesick for back East."

"So we made things like they were back there," said Betsy. "See? Trees and gardens and grass and boats . . ."

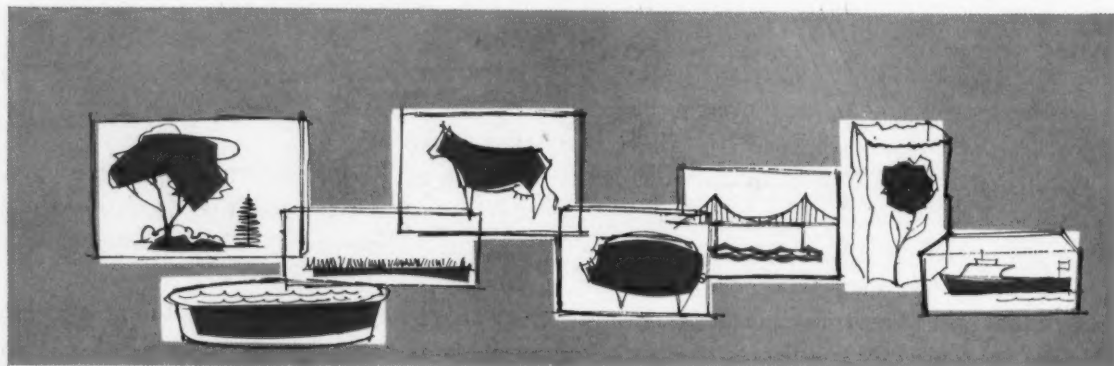
Their mother and father hugged them.

"I know just what I am going to do," said their father. "I am going to get a horse and ride with Bill."

"And I know just what I am going to do," said their mother. "I am going to make this yard as green and as flowery as the ones in town. If they can do it, so can I."

"We'll help you," said the three little Whites, looking at each other happily. Their big plan had worked! ♦

Illustrated by John Crandall



The Snowflake and The Snowman



ART BY JACK BEVERIDGE

by Thomasina Weber

I saw the dain-ty snow-flake flut-ter-ing down to land on the snow-man's

ear. I saw the hus-ky snow-man frown a lit-tle frown as the

snow-flake nest-led near. Now, I would-nit say for sure that she

whis-pered, and I would-nit say for sure that he smiled — But

hear him sigh, see the twin-kle in his eye! I won-der what the snow-flake whis-pered?.



1913

WOODROW
WILSON

1923

CALVIN
COOLIDGE



1957

D W I G H T
EISENHOWER

